

THEY TOOK A PINCH.

THE DAYS WHEN SNUFF TAKING WAS JUST THE THING.

Ceremonies Observed by Devotees of the Habit—The Popper of Beau Brummel and Lord Petersham—Ladies and Men of High Degree Took Their "Powders."

There is no habit afflicting mankind which has evoked more varied opinions than that of snuff taking. Pope Urban's fulminations against it, says the London Standard, failed utterly. The Grand Monarque had an unconquerable aversion to it, yet it flourished in his court under the patronage of his queen, and his name is still associated with some of the most artistic of snuffboxes. John Wesley declared it a silly, nasty custom. Swift and Pope made it the subject of their gibes and sneers; yet it flourished, and the habit still permeates all classes of society. It has not only had its devotees and its defenders, but also its poets and its epoures, if the word can be used in that sense.

Southey described it as the "most innocent of sensualities," and many old writers dwell in a fastidious manner on its delights. The snuff itself should be "soft and silky to the touch." The boxes in which it should be kept should be made "with all the art the greatest artist could bestow," with a joint so fine it "shines the sharpest sight," graced with radiant gems, and even within the lid "the painter plays his part, and with his pencil proves his matchless art." Then there were different schools of snuff taking. In old numbers of The Tatler will be found advertisements offering to teach "the ceremonies of the snuffbox." These were very elaborate. There were special rules for offering snuff to the stranger, the friend or to a mistress, according to the degree of familiarity or distance, with explanations proffered as to the careless, the scornful, the polite or the surly pinch, and the gestures proper to each of them.

Beau Brummel and other exquisites prided themselves on the graceful way in which they opened their snuffboxes with the left hand only, but the whole history of snuff taking furnishes no more extravagant instance of the foppery of snuff taking than that of Lord Petersham, who is credited with having kept a special snuffbox for every day in the year and to have had a stock of varied snuffs to the value of £3,000. Some of his boxes, "for summer wear and winter use," as the historian quaintly puts it, are in the possession of Lord Salisbury, who has a very fine collection of historic boxes.

Next to Lord Petersham ranks Edward Wortley Montague, who kept in use "boxes enough for a hundred noses Chinese idol." The ladies, too, in the days of patches and powder, took snuff privately and publicly. "By snuff assisted, ladies killed the day and breathed their scandal freely o'er their tea." Even in church the thoroughbred woman of fashion, we read, "pulled out her box in the midst of the sermon, and, with well bred audacity, offered it to her neighbors." The snuffbox was as recognized an adjunct of the toilet table as the fan. It was Catherine de Medici who brought snuff taking into fashion among ladies in France, from whence it spread to England, and it was for a long time known as l'herbe de la reine. What did more than anything else to kill the habit among the fair sex was the fact that, in the case of the dauphiness of France, she was poisoned by means of a deadly compound mixed with her favorite Spanish snuff, contained in an elegant box given to her by the Duc de Noailles. After that even men were for a long time shy of taking a pinch of snuff from a stranger, as it was believed that the Jesuits adopted this means of disposing of their enemies.

Mention has been made of the ceremony of the snuffbox, and this forms one of the most curious chapters in the history of snuff taking. A man expressed his homage in his way of tendering his box or his hostility in the way in which he took the proffered pinch. At one time to refuse a pinch of snuff was an unpardonable breach of good manners. It was quite a ceremonious business, and no bargain was ever struck without an interchange of boxes. One judged of a man's breeding by the way in which he took his snuff, but it was not always a sure test.

One of the worst offenders in this way was Dr. Johnson, who "took his powder by the painful," diving for it under the flaps of his capacious waistcoat pockets and creating quite a shower of snuff all around him. Napoleon also took his snuff in handkerchiefs and kept it, as Dr. Johnson did, in his waistcoat pocket. Gibbon, the historian, was a profuse snuff taker, and Frederick the Great was so fond of it that he had big pockets made on purpose, so that he could with as little trouble as possible get for immediate use the largest quantity he could wish. These are instances of the vulgarities of snuff taking, rather than the aesthetics, but they serve to throw the latter into higher relief.

The courtliness of snuff taking was indeed cultivated to so high a point that he who received the pinch must be as punctilious as he who offered it. Nothing offended the aesthetic sense of the cultured snuff taker more than to disturb the contents of the box with one's finger. In a mixed gathering, when boxes were sent round the table, such a one watched with trepidation the circulation of his box, lest it should be polluted by a profane touch. A moment of execrable agony came once to Beau Brummel. It was at Portman square, when, on the removal of the cloth, the snuffboxes made their appearance. Brummel was particularly admired as it was handed round. At last it reached a gentleman, who, finding it difficult to open, applied a dessert knife to the lid. Brummel had been on thorns, and at last, unable to control himself longer, addressed his host with characteristic quaintness, saying, "Will you be good enough to tell your friend that my snuffbox is not an oyster?" Some people carried this refined feeling so far that they would never accept snuff that had been touched by any fingers but their own. Frederick the Great was one of these. He would not take snuff from any one else's box, and, one day, catching a page stealing a pinch from his box, he said to him: "Put that box in your pocket. It is not big enough for two." George II had the same whim, and once at a masquerade threw away his box because a visitor dipped into it.

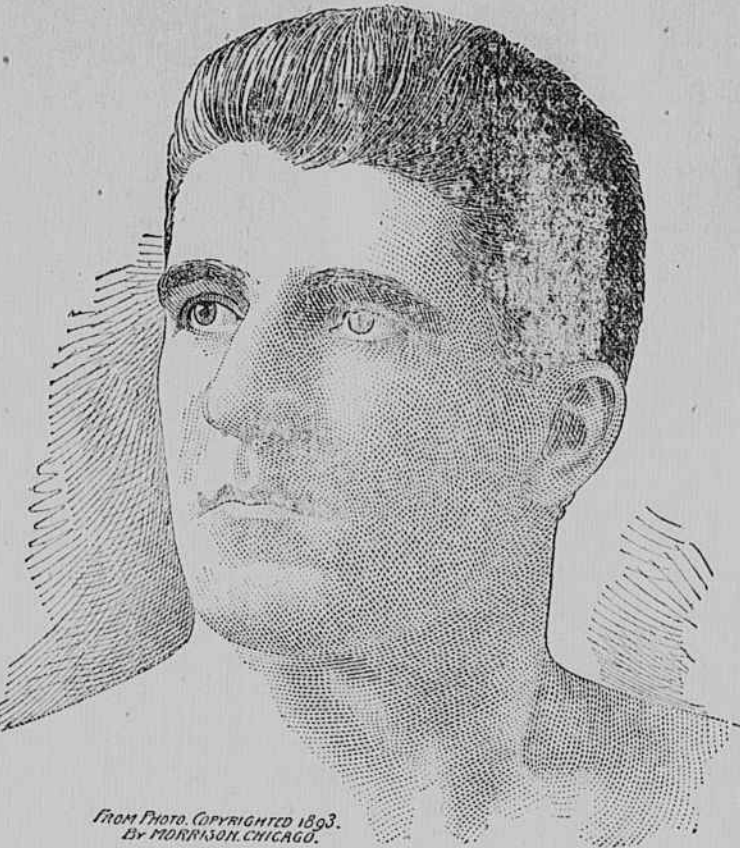
"Hung" or "Hanged?"

It is reported that during a recent libel action the presiding judge used the expression, "You would be hung if you did," to the accompaniment of the customary law court "laughter." It is not often one catches the judicial bench tripping, but was not this a mistake? Pictures, clothes, hats, and the like, are hung; human beings surely not. If directed at his lordship's grammar, I imagine the "laughter" to have been warranted.—Notes and Queries.

CORBETT THE MIGHTY

Recommends Dr. Greene's Nervura for Strength, Power and Vigor.

It Invigorates the Blood, Makes Strong Nerves and Powerful Muscles. It Revitalizes the System, Giving Health, Strength, Energy and Power.



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JAMES J. CORBETT.

James J. Corbett is without doubt the strongest and most powerful athlete in the world. His wonderful records, magnificent physique and splendid physical condition render him the proper person to point out to others the best way in which to obtain that mighty strength of muscle, vigor of nerves and perfect physical condition which is the desire of every man and woman, for perfect health is what all want, and good health always comes only from sound physical vigor and vitality.

What you must have, therefore, to make you strong, to give you life, vim, energy and ambition, to make you do your work with ease, to eat and sleep well and wake mornings fresh and vigorous, is to see first of all if you are in sound health. If you feel languid, weak or nervous, if your work tires you and you wake mornings unrefreshed, without appetite or energy, you are far from being well. In fact you are on a dangerous road to sickness and breaking down. If you have headache, neuralgia, rheumatism, stiffness and lameness, back or side ache, dyspepsia, liver or kidney trouble, or any other disorder, however slight, you should immediately see to getting back your health, and with it the fullest measure of strength and power of which your system is capable.

The way to do it is by using Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy. It is recommended by James J. Corbett, the world

famed athlete, who states that he has long known of this wonderful remedy. It is prescribed and recommended as the greatest strengthener and health giver by the most eminent of the world's physicians, and it has cured a greater number of people than any other medicine known to science. It makes the sick well. It makes the weak strong. It gives the fullest power, vigor and strength to everybody, because it puts everybody in sound and perfect physical condition.

James J. Corbett says: "I have long been acquainted with the fame of Dr. Greene's Nervura and the beneficial results of its use in cases of many of my friends, and I have no hesitation in recommending its use to others."

Get Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy at once, and get back not only your health, but that high degree of strength, power and vigor of which you are capable. Dr. Greene's Nervura will do it. It will first make you well, then make you strong with the mighty power of perfect development of nerve and physical vigor.

Dr. Greene's Nervura is the prescription and discovery of a physician, Dr. Greene, 35 West 14th St., New York City, who is the most successful physician in curing diseases. He will give you consultation, examination and advice, either personally or by letter, absolutely free of charge.

ELECTRICITY.

How to Handle the Dangerous Agent in Cases of Emergency.

This subject is treated of in an article in The Journal of Practical Medicine, by Dr. Francis B. Bishop. The amount of electricity that will sometimes pass through the human body without producing fatal results is surprising and often unaccountable, while at other times currents less powerful in every way, for some reason are often fatal.

The alternating current of great amplitude, high voltage and low frequency is the current that causes the greatest number of accidental deaths, as well as the current that is used in the state of New York for the purpose of executing criminals. The continuous current, such as is used in our incandescent street lighting, while not so harmful when close circled through the body, does not offer the same degree of danger as the arc light, or alternating current.

Still, electricity, like the old woman's gun, without lock, stock or barrel, is usually found to be dangerous. If so, what are we to do in case of accident? Is the paramount question. First of all, keep cool. Do not lose your head, and, with the following rules, do what you can:

Do not place yourself in the circuit to help others out; as thus you only add one more victim to the result.

Under no consideration catch hold of the wire unless you are positively certain that you are thoroughly insulated by rubber boots or gloves, or both. A large, dry silk handkerchief or dry cloth is the next best thing, and if your own coat is perfectly dry, place that on the ground to step on. Never under any circumstances, when you are removing a person from a live wire, allow his body to leave the earth. In other words, do not lift him. When the victim has been released from the wire, proceed at once to artificial respiration, being sure that the clothing is well loosened about the neck and waist. Personally, he says, I should advise suspending the patient's head down for a minute or two at a time, all the while keeping up artificial respiration, with the tongue pulled well out.

Nitro of amyl may be found useful if at hand.

THE CRAB AS A SPORTSMAN.

Some Very Peculiar Rabbit Hunting Methods on Long Island.

A man who spends his summers down on the south shore of Long Island well out toward the eastern end is enthusiastic over the rabbit hunting to be obtained there. To get the proper amount of sport from it, however, he recommends that it be pursued according to a peculiar method of his own. This he described with great seriousness to a select party of friends the other evening, and was considerably enough at the close of his narrative to change the subject without requiring any statements of belief or otherwise from his hearers. "The way I find best is this," he said, "I procure a strong, good sized net, a supply of short tallow candles and a considerable number of hard shelled crabs. The

latter are just out of the water and are very much alive and energetic. I then select a promising rabbit burrow which has two entrances some distance apart. Over one of the holes I fasten the net securely. Then going to the other with the crabs and the candles I arrange the actual hunting. I catch one of the crabs, and, lighting a candle, hold it wick down over his back until several drops of the melted tallow have fallen on his shell. Then quickly, before it has time to harden, I plant the candle in this little pool, where it sticks fast and stands as upright as if in a candlestick. I fix several other crabs in the same way, and then send a little brigade of them into the burrow. When the rabbit inside sees a torchlight procession coming down his private hall after him, you may be sure he decides to leave at once by the back door. This he attempts, only to find himself in the net which I placed there at the beginning.

"You see, it is a comparatively simple and at the same time an exceedingly interesting method of hunting. I wonder if it will rain tomorrow?"—New York Tribune.

The bishop of London, in a recent address on "Reading," said, "All human knowledge has been gained by the impetuosity and pigheadedness of a small number of people who were always asking 'Why?'"

In Rome there are few houses bearing the number 13. Nearly all the houses that should bear those figures are marked 12B or 14A.

CASTORIA.

The famous signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* is on every wrapper.

Fresh oysters by the gallon, quart or pint at Catagni's restaurant.

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For all diseases peculiar to women and girls. It tones up the Nerves, Improves the Appetite, Enriches the Blood, and gives Life, Health and Strength. It is the

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DUKE'S MORGANATIC WIFE.

When He Became Heir to the Throne, She Had to Go.

I met a friend from Canada the other day who keeps well posted about current affairs, and he told me that the morganatic wife of the Duke of York was living quietly at a remote post in British Columbia with her present husband, who is an officer of her majesty's army. When the young prince was serving his time in the British navy, his ship was stationed at Malta for many months, and there he fell in love with the daughter of an army officer, who was beautiful, amiable and accomplished. She loved him well enough to take the chances of marrying a grandson of Queen Victoria, and there wasn't much said about it until the death of his elder brother made him heir to the throne. Then the situation became serious, particularly as she had presented him with two beautiful children. Just what was done and said nobody knows, but at any rate the young prince was persuaded to abandon her, the marriage was declared "off," and a young army officer of excellent family, the younger son of one of the noblest houses in Europe, was induced to become her husband. These things can be arranged in England without much trouble. It is often considered an honor to embrace the discarded mistress of a prince, and the gentleman who married York's wife is always sure of being well taken care of by his government as long as he behaves himself and prevents a scandal.

So they were married, and the future king of England was free to offer his heart and hand to the Princess May, who is now a happy wife and mother, and is probably entirely ignorant of her husband's early romance.

The young officer, with his bride, went first to India and served there for a time, but the wife didn't like the climate and the officer secured a transfer to Canada, where for a year or so he has been stationed at a pleasant post. My friend would not tell me his name, nor where he is located, because the information came to him in confidence, and he said there were not a dozen men in Canada who knew the facts. The future of the children is a matter of speculation. They are a boy and a girl. They have taken the name of their foster father, and will probably never know that they are the descendants of kings.—Washington Cor. Chicago Record.

Some Italian Dishes.

In that blessed future, the Italian cook, I trust, will be content with the natural color of rice. At present he likes to make his risotto a bright orange chrome, and to drown it in olive oil. My raptures over the olive groves of the Riviera faded when I understood the function of the Italian chef. The food in some places is incredible. Macaroni and the endless tape which is called "spaghetti" you can tolerate, but beware of zampone! An ill starred curiosity prompted me to order this dish, which proved to be huge slices of sausage—terribly potent sausage—drenched in a liquid which made castor oil a dolly in comparison! The homeless London cat would have fled from such fare! Perhaps it is this sausage which endears northern Italy to the average German tourist. I see him eating it with relish, while a speckled nose hovers close to the plate, reveling in the odor which reminds him no doubt of his home in the fatherland. Now and then he lifts his head. His right hand wanders to his brow, carrying a knife. His eyes roll upward. Probably he is registering a vow to do all that lies in his individual genius to sustain this great bond of highly flavored sausage between Germany and Italy.—London Sketch.

Russian Soldiers.

I found a man of the Forty-second threatening to break the head of a Russian who lay at his feet, and on my stopping him he said the fellow had shot at him after receiving quarter. I heard the same story from many on the field, and from all I had seen I believe it to be true. I am sorry to say the Russians (officers as well as men) stabbed and killed our wounded without mercy, and if that sort of game is to continue I see nothing for it but retaliation, which will make matters worse. Poor Sir George was shot through the heart, but as soon as they got to him—by the weight of overpowering numbers—they bayoneted him and robbed him. The same with poor Charles Seymour, and those poor young fellows of the guards who were slightly wounded they treated in the same way. In fact, it will not do, as has been proved, both at Alma and here, to leave the wounded to their mercy, even for a minute.—"Diary of General Windham."

Nails.

The first nails were undoubtedly the sharp teeth of various animals. Then, it is believed, pointed fragments of flint followed. The first manufactured metal nails were of bronze. The nail with which Jael killed Sisera was a wooden tent pin probably pointed with iron. Bronze nails have been found in the Swiss lake dwellings, in several places in France and in the valley of the Nile. Until the present century iron nails were forged, a blacksmith being able to make only two or three dozen a day. The first cut nails were made by Jeremiah Wilkinson in Rhode Island in 1775. The first patented nail machine was by Perkins, 1795, and its product of 200,000 nails a day was considered so enormous that some persons deemed the result due to a supernatural agency. Many improvements in nailmaking machines, greatly increasing the quantity and quality of their output, have been made in the present century.

La Grippe.

La grippe, because of the many phases of its manifestations, is one of the most eccentric of all the diseases to which human flesh is liable. One symptom alone is present in all cases, and that is the extreme nervous prostration which seems to be ever present with it, a sequence of which is a sapping of vitality to such an extent as to make its victim liable to intercurrent pneumonia, bronchitis, gastritis, enteritis and heart failure. In the way of treatment rest should be employed. Stimulating tonics and bland nutrients are indicated. If possible, the patient should be sent to a warmer climate.—Lancet-Clinic.

Wise Advice.

"If you cannot make a friend of a man in any other way," said the elderly gentleman, "buy him."

"By lending him money?" asked the younger.

"Certainly not. By borrowing of him."—Indianapolis Journal.

To Keep In Health.

A well known scientist's theory for perfect physical condition is as follows: "Exercise moderately and temperately for a short time at the same relative hour every day of your life."

VEXATIOUS.

What wondrous days indeed are those When science shows a light On any pathway that you please, That you may turn aright! Yet life is filled with terrors new. The hours grow dull and long. For everything you care to do, The doctor says, is wrong.

Who tries to warble is forbid. Let germs attack his throat. The dancer's prowess must be hid, Though he may screech a note. Who dines in carolousness complete Is tempted by the throng. But he who likes to may not eat. The doctor says it's wrong.

You shun the water, sparkling fair. Let foes lurk there disguised. You mustn't breathe unless the air Has been well analyzed. Thoughtless you turn, as is your wont, With an affection strong. To kiss your baby. But you don't. The doctor says it's wrong.

Arnold and His Circus.

Matthew Arnold used to travel in company with Mrs. Arnold, his two daughters and the agent, whom he elegantly called his "impresario." They usually had railway passes given to them, and on several occasions, when presenting these to the conductor, he remarked in a condescending tone, "Oh, the Arnold troop, I suppose!" "Just as if we were a traveling circus," said Mr. Arnold, with a hearty laugh.—Bookman.

Posting Sitters Before a Camera.

"As to the actual work under a sky-light, only a few general hints may be given, as here each must work out her own salvation," writes Frances Benjamin Johnston in an article, "What a Woman Can Do With a Camera," in The Ladies' Home Journal. "Do not attempt to pose people or to strain your sitters into uncomfortable or awkward positions in order to obtain picturesque effects. Watch them and help them into poses that are natural and graceful. Study their individuality, striving to keep the likeness and yet endeavoring to show them at their best. Avoid emphasizing the peculiarities of a face either by lighting or pose. Look for curves rather than angles or straight lines and try to make the interest in the picture center upon what is most effective in your sitter. The one rule of lighting is never to have more than a single source of light. Many portraits, otherwise good, are rendered very inartistic by being lighted from several different directions."

A useful charity, called the London Spectacle mission, provides spectacles for needful women and other deserving persons dependent upon their eyesight for a living. Last year 726 applicants were provided with spectacles.

Affection in any part of our carriage is lighting up a candle to our defects and never fails to make us be taken notice of either as wanting sense or as wanting sincerity.—Locke.

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between the nature of the cotton-plant and the habits of a hog, and you have the difference between Cottolene and lard. Cottolene is all that's pure and wholesome; lard has few redeeming features.

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Tenny's Peanut Brittle just received.

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which, taken at its flood, leads on to fortune."

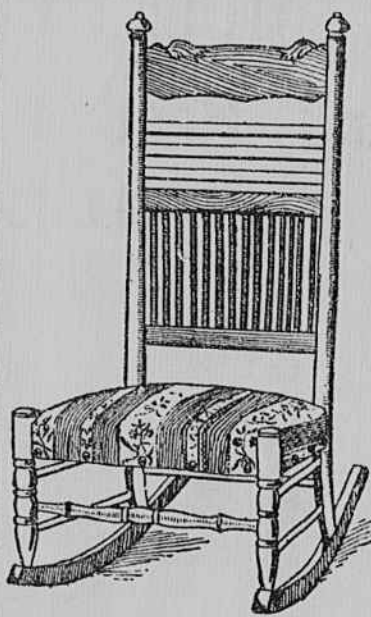
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